



THE
NEWS-CARRIER'S
ADDRESS,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

With the COMPLIMENTS of the Day,

To the PATRONS of the

ROYAL GAZETTE.

By the Public's Humble Servant,

At all Times and in all Weathers,

1st. January, 1805.

THE CARRIER.

ONCE more, my Patrons, kindly hear
Your CARRIER's Song for the New-Year,
Though not achiev'd in Lauriate numbers,
Adapted to the Royal flumbers ;
Though not perform'd in chorus grand,
By the Majestic Courtly band ;
For which, with heart to light and merry,
The Poet bears the butt of Sherry,
Whil'st I, quite definite of Sack,
For Rhymes my hard bound brains must rack,
Draw from the fountains of the nine,
Unmixt with wit-creating Wine.
Thele lays an *Amateur* has, yet,
To notes harmonic deign'd to fet.
Quoth he, with solemn founds they'll fuit ;
Organ no longer shall be mute ;
This *Hymn* shall make the bellows blow,
The pipes to fill, the keys to go.
Nor longer shall the donor's merit,
Display our poverty of spirit.

Of-times our wifeli plans are croſt ;
And what can stand before this froſt ?
Fierce Boreas comes, and in a trice,
The freamy notes are fix'd in ice.
In Winter, ('tis in vain to mutter)
The princely gift no founds will utter.
In vain, in Summer too, you linger,
'Tis Cafh the instrument muſt finger.
And ceale, proud Citizens, this vaunting,
Your Organ's maſter Key is wanting.
Some conſolation we have fill,
One good extracted from this ill.
Our prudent Veſtry having found
This dire effeſt of Cold on found,
And juſtly fearing left the Bell
No more perform th' accustom'd Knell,
Nor funmoſ to their Prayers the People ;
Have plac'd two Stoves within the Steeple.

Was this the great end of that bleſt Re-
Volution lately in the Veſtry ?
But ask the viſionaries all,
Dutch, Germans, Swiſs, and men of Gaul,
In Revolution what they fought ?
For what, then wrote ? For what they fought ?

But are the vifionaries all,
Dutch, Germans, Swifts, and men of Gaul,
In Revolution what they fought ?
For what they wrote ? for what they fought ?

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The pipes to fill, the keys to go.
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Diſplay our poverty of ſpirit.

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Dutch, Germans, Swifts, and men of Gaul,
In Revolution what they fought ?
For what they wrote ? for what they fought ?
Alſe thoſe too on thi ſide thi' Atlantic,
The objeſt of their meaſures frantic ?
What will you find to ſenſe more pleaſing,
To gnawing Conſcience more appealing,
Or to the People of leſs eſt,
Than gaſtling found againſt the Froſt ?

For me I'll ſeek, in all my range,
None, but what men of trade call *change*.
On thiſ, Heaven grant, you all may flumble,

Do your own buſineſſes, ceafe to grumble !

God ſave the King and bleſſ the Land,
In plenty, joy and Peace,
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt Fiſhermen may ceafe !

OVERSIZE
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